THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. II. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1806. N°. 33.

Printed and published by COLE & HEWES, 4 N. Charles-st.
FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

(Continued from page 253.)

Those who call themselves gentlemen ought to consider that nothing enobles man so much as independence, and that whilst they reject the most important duty of the citizen, self-defence, as beneath the dignity of the gentleman, they shamefully abandon the most effectual means of acquiring security and respectability, to more ignoble hands.

Let the habits of a people, dispose them ever so much to peace, the time may not be distant, when a different order of things may arise; however serene the horizon may appear, yet a dreadful storm may be brooding over our heads, which may crush in an instant, the ill-supported pillars of our political fabric.

To obviate any such unforseen calamity, the energies of the state, should be constantly exerted: But whilst that portion of the communnity, naturally most susceptible of glory and love of country, does not come forward with the ardour worthy such a cause, an inglorious degeneracy, may justly be apprehended, to have prematurely taken place amongst us.

Those who expect to derive security from wealth, when the laws lie prostrate, and every thing becomes a prey to the strongest, will find themselves very much mistaken.

There is no class of people should pay more attention to military duty, than the affluent, so far from declining to serve unless with a commission, they should be foremost in the ranks, content, with any station. By these means, other persons following their example would be more attentive, and a spirit of emulation, would pervade all ranks of society: But if on the contrary, the burthen, or rather the honour of defending the country, devolves on the most abject part of the community, they will amply indemnify themselves for their extraordinary exertions if ever any innovation should take place.

In times of anarchy, when the empire of laws is suspended, all power and authority is usurped, by those who have acquired or displayed, military attainments: of this we have innumerable instances in the historic page. Even in our own days we have seen men emerge from the lowest grade of society, to the highest pinnacle of preeminence, by the sword. If we examine the rise of empires and families, we shall find that they owe their exaltation to military prowess.

In all ancient establishments, the great men of the land who possess power and distinction in any eminent degree, pride themselves in being able to recur to the military atchievements of their ancestors to assert their claim to distinction. Heraldry has originated from this source, which owes all its splendour to warlike deeds as is evident from the armorial bearings, which decorate the mansions and monuments of the great: hence sprung the different orders of chivalry, that communicate such lustre to the distinguished few, who are honoured with its insignia.

Although we had nothing to apprehend from the insidious machinations of foreign or domestic foes, yet the military art, should claim particular attention: what exercise or amusement can be better adapted, to form our youth to feats of activity and masculine prowess, than the habits that are contracted by the performance of the evolutions and manœuvres displayed in the field. By such exercises as these, a graceful and manly deportment is acquired; address and activity is the natural consequence of such diversions. Young men trained to subordination, and vigourous discipline, acquire a predilection for order

and decorum, which attends them during life, in all their actions. An air of dignity and noble pride, arising from a consciousness of their ability to defend, without the aid of any mercenary arm, the fruits of their labour and industry, is visible in their demeanour ; every thing about them breathes independence and security, whilst those who neglect this exercise often display an effeminate and pusillanimous appearance.

Besides the advantages already enumerated, other signal benefits, may be derived from these associations. Nothing can contribute to unite and attach more the individual members of a community, than frequently meeting in the field and parade, and joining in the same exercises : they become more intimately connected in proportion to their proficiency.

I understand that some young men, resting too much on the preeminence of wealth and other adventitious circumstances, think it rather degrading to enter the ranks, when they should be most forward to give the example : they are at least equally interested in the preservation of their country, with their other fellow citizens. Nothing can be more preposterous, than to abandon the means of defence to others, when we have it in our power to be our own defenders. The sword is an ornament in peace, a pledge of security in war, whenever we resign to another, what it immediately concern ourselves to porform, we are undone, for they will amply reward themselves for protecting us. X.

Mr. Easy,

If you think the following Letter worthy of insertion in the Companion, it is at your service. C

My Dear Nepos,

Waving all complimentary salutations, and instead of dilating on wind, weather, fashion, dress &c. I will proceed to a compliance with your request.

The morning of your life now opens to your view the fairest prospects. The gilded rays of science shine propitiously on your favoured head. The fragrance and bloom of youth animate you with vigour. Nature opens her store of blessings, and nothing remains, but what is in the reach of your industry to effect—To qualify you to fill the station allotted to you in life, with dignity and respect and render you agreeable to yourself, and pleasing and useful to others. Let close and undiverted application to books, be the bitters of youth, and it will prove the sweets of age. The mind should always be confined to some object worthy of its pursuit, and never be suffered to indulge, in the wild luxuriance of ungoverned thought ; for the judgment instead of increasing in strength and correctness, is thereby impaired ; and the imagination receives only a momentary gratification. The mind ought not for an instant to be idle, for idleness is the bane of society, and the characteristic of fools. It is susceptible of the greatest culture and improvement, and it is that only which distinguishes one class of society from another, and even from the brutal creation. And it is that which enables us to perform the duties of social and active life, and reach the summit of human greatness. Very little benefit can be derived by a waste of time in conversation with the idle and frivolous, the fashionable loungers of the town, who are busied about nothing. Their company should be shunned as the touch of a scorpion ; they are a disgrace to themselves, by prostituting the dignity of human nature, and suffering her brightest ornaments to be covered with ignorance and inactivity. Their society can neither delight, improve or entertain, though their example may influence and corrupt.

By much contemplation and close study our ideas are expanded, and the mind improved. Knowledge of human nature, and of ourselves, enables us to judge with accuracy upon matters of inferior moment—correct notions of the world, of mankind, and of happiness will be the result of its research. But they are never known by intuition. Vice in its glaring deformity and proteus shapes is properly seen, because wisdom guides the understanding and governs the taste.

A general knowledge of books and things, is the great basis of human happiness ; it is a *companion* at all times—when external objects cease to please, this will delight ; it soothes care, and lightens the load of misery. It is the sweetener of enjoyment ; it cheers at home, and enlivens when abroad. It is the offspring of application, generated where this is continual. But learning, however desirable, without the aid of common sense, is but of little use—like oil to a clock, it assists its movements—discon-cert a single wheel, and all is useless. The possessor is no better than a parrot or a schoolboy ; they both repeat what they have seen and heard ; they neither can derive much benefit or advantage therefrom, because they cannot judge of its utility. Suppose a man is skilled in all classical lore, he can read Virgil and Cicero, and all those musty authors with the utmost facility ; and in fact his pate has a great deal of learning hammered into it—put him at the bar, or in any polemical society, without common sense, which ought to be exercised on all occasions,

what will he be, but an ass? But unite learning with common sense—their force is irresistable, their effects the perfection of humanity.

Reading without much reflection and study, will never be attended with a happy effect, its impression is transient and momentary, and in truth it is a waste of time. The great preparation which was to astonish the world with conquests and acquisition, turns out to be but smoke and vapor.

CLIO.

Mr. Easy,

It not unfrequently happens that when mankind contract prejudices in favour of any science, notwithstanding the most cogent and conclusive arguments can be adduced to demonstrate their absurdity; they, without having regard to evidences resulting from the undoubted source, generally adhere to those prejudices with the most inviolable attachment. This observation is peculiarly exemplified with regard to the study of the dead languages.—Whatever advantages the learned world has derived from the cultivation of those languages, it appears evident to me that they have been extolled far beyond any intrinsic merit which they possess, and that men of the most extensive erudition in Europe and America have countenanced the study of them, not actuated by any desire of the utility which is calculated to result from them, but through the solicitude of making a pedantic display of their own learning.

To account for the origin of those extravagant prepossessions which have at all times been evinced in their favour; I feel myself somewhat at a loss, unless it has been that they have originated from a presumption of their utility during the 14th and 15th centuries, when all the works of science in Europe were in the Greek and Latin languages; but I must be permitted to observe according to the remark of an elegant author, that *The times are changed, and we are changed with them.* That the sun of science has again burst from the clouds of ignorance, in which it has long been enveloped, shone upon the horizon of literature and illumined the genius of every true friend to intellectual and mental improvement. But to proceed to a more minute investigation of this important subject.

It has been alledged that a knowledge of classical literature eminently contributes to the embellishment of style. In answer to this, I beg leave to observe that some of the most correct and elegant writers in the English language were unacquainted with either Greek or Latin.

The celebrated Dean Swift, whose talents are too well known to render an encomium upon them necessary, knowing that the English language was an extremely copious one, and consequently susceptible of the highest degree of improvement; in his writings rejected the aid of all foreign assistance, and those productions of his which he has transmitted to the world are a perfect model of an elegant style, and a most satisfactory proof of the perfection to which the English tongue can be brought without any assistance from the dead languages. Mr. Paine, whose political writings have been so extensively circulated throughout the continents of Europe and America, and so universally admired for the neatness and sublimity of their style, was, as is well known, neither acquainted with the Latin nor Greek. Shakespear owes all the fame which he has acquired, as a sublime and original poet, to his not having read, as is generally supposed, any of the Greek or Latin authors.

The names of these celebrated authors is an ample refutation of this pitiful argument which is too frequently advanced in favour of the classics.

On the other hand, I am wiliing to admit that Milton, Addison, Hume, Middleton and Bolingbroke were all classical scholars, but at the same time it will not be denied that they were men of the most refined taste and men of genius; and it is to be presumed had none of them read any of the ancient authors, they would have transcended them in their respective literary productions. And let me ask in the name of common sense what advantage a man as an author, can derive from an intimate acquaintance with the dead languages, when he is actually deficient in that which is of infinite utility: i. e. genius? All the languages in the world are not sufficient to compensate this deficiency: under these circumstances it would be absolutely preposterous to initiate boys into the reputed beauties of classical learning.

But the advocates of this species of literature have been at very great pains to inform us, that without a knowledge of Greek and Latin we shall have but a very poor acquaintance indeed with our mother tongue. With equal propriety it may be asserted that a knowledge of the Celtic, the Saxon, the French, the Italian, the Spanish and the Dutch is requisite to make us acquainted with the definition of many English words; for it is well known that there are many of those that are derived from these languages. Hence it is that if we are obliged to adhere to this absurd custom, we may acquire words to the almost total exclusion of ideas. We may be linguists, but after all wretchedly deficient in general information. And a mere linguist holds but a very contemptible situation among men, who are acquainted with science.

Those persons who have espoused, so warmly espoused the affirmative side of this subject, and evinced such a solicitude for the continuance of the study of the dead languages, will do well to consider how extremely limited is the term of our natural life. And in my humble conception of the thing, a considerable degree of culpability is attachable to those who unnecessarily devote several years of their lives to the acquirement of such superfluous attainments.

There is another argument which ought to have its due weight and influence on every dispassionate reasoner on this subject, viz. There are some of the classic authors the study of whose works is of an extremely pernicious tendency to morals. Experience teaches us that youth at the age of ten to fifteen or sixteen years, the time at which they generally learn Greek and Latin, are very much prone to deviate from the paths of virtue and adhere to those of vice & immorality, notwithstanding the most undeviating strictness, and the impure Odes of Horace, the Epistles and Metamorphosis of Ovid and Satires of Juvenal, at the age when boys are capable of receiving those impressions which are so very difficult to be eradicated, are seriously injurious to the cause of virtue: and books which come under this description are particularly improper. In fact, the reading of them ought to be prohibited. I cannot suppose that any one acquainted with the Latin language is so depraved as to believe that were it possible for Juvenal to be on earth, he would vindicate any master who teaches his 6th Satire, when he expressly charges

" Nil dicta fordum, vusuque hæc limina tangant,
" Intra quæ puer est." SAT. 14 JUV.

" Suffer no lewdeness, nor indecent speech,
" Th' apartment of the tender youth to reach." DRYDEN.

VIATOR.

*Castigat ridendo mores.**

In one of those hurricanes, which for some years past have been so frequent in Europe, I was accidentally borne away from the Athens of modern days to the western hemisphere, where all exhausted by the rapidity of my flight, and oppressed by the greatness of my misfortunes, I arrived, nor had I one sympathizing friend, to whom I could bewail my sorrows. This last circumstance, however, I might have omitted, because I know that misfortunes in which we ourselves are not concerned, make but a weak and short-lived impression on the heart. Long had I been convinced of this mournful truth; nor did my acquaintance with the new world, fail to confirm me in my opinion; a world which I found to my astonishment was notwithstanding its youth, almost in every respect as degenerate, as that which I had left.

However this may be, I determined yesterday to try my wings, and hardly had I left the gloomy asylum I had chosen, when I perceived a crowd of charming women, who all appeared to be proceeding towards the same place—Less than this would have sufficed to tempt a sylph to follow. The nymphs of the vale of Tempe, were not more elegantly formed; nor were the Naiads of the stream more lightly clothed; their draperies veiled them little more than does the transparent flood the fish which sport and glitter through its waters; the alabaster complexions of the English ladies is not more beautifully white and polished, and the French women, who for 1500 years have inherited luxury and *civilization*, are not more scientifically coquettes.

Though a Sylph, I am not on this account, less subject to the general laws of creation—and as the mind when recovering from the pressure of misfortune, is ever most susceptible of tender impressions, judge of my admiration, emotion, and delight, when I beheld this charming train of females.

I followed with anxious step, this brilliant assemblage of graces, imagining they were going to sport in bowers more beautiful than Armida's, in grottoes still more enchanting than Calypso's, certainly, said I to myself, the chariots that bear these divinities, will stop before some mangificent edifice, whose pillars of the Ionic order, will like those of Delos and Cytherea, be entwined with garlands of roses; chrystal lamps will reflect the rays of light, in a thousand varying colours; and the harmonious sounds of the lyre, will complete the enchantment of the scene:—The chariots did stop 'tis true, but it was before a gloomy pile, from the peculiarity of whose structure it was utterly impossible to learn for what purpose it had been erected.

Although a Sylph, I do not understand by inspiration all languages of the world, and as one misfortune seldom comes unattended by another, I was so unhappy as to meet with no Sylph with whom I could converse, and who might serve me as an interpreter, which induced me to suppose either that the species must be rare in this country, or that the rain which began to fall, had kept them within their habitations.

Notwithstanding the disgust with which this dismal mass of planks had inspired me, I took courage and followed the crowd I saw hastening to it. As soon as I entered, by the uncertain light of a few miserable candles, which just made

* Manners are best corrected by laughing at them.

" darkness visible," and gave the place the appearance of being consecrated to the midnight orgies of sorcerers and dark spirits. I thought I discovered a theatre; but I heard such an uproar, I saw all the men with their hats on without any respect whatever for the women, I concluded again that I was mistaken, and that it must be some place appropriated to the purposes of trafic.

To relieve me from my uncertainty, I endeavoured to approach those amongst the spectators, who made the genteelest appearance, in the hopes of gathering some words, which might inform me of the intention of this gloomy and singular rendezvous. But the intolerable stench of the tobacco, mingled with the vapours of rum, which exhaled from their mouths almost suffocated me, and left me just power enough to go to the window, in order to recover my sight and respiration. Oh! said I to myself, I am no longer astonished that Sylphs do not frequent this place, but how happens it that it is filled with beautiful women.

However, this little moment of vexation over, reflection partly explained all this. In Europe and in Asia, said I, beauty seeks to heighten her charms, by perfumes which she steals from herbs and flowers: In Greenland and Kamschatka she is content to borrow the oil and odours of the whale, and here, perhaps, these fumes of tobacco may be as much esteemed by the belles, and probably may very agreeably stimulate the nerves of these young and delicate beauties.

I now returned to the scene of action, where I was long enough without comprehending any thing, but at last I concluded I must be at the play. On one side I saw a person who seemed to be an actor; speaking with all his force to a figure who replied nothing, seemed totally regardless of what the other was saying, moved neither eye, hand, tongue nor foot, and in fact, played the statue to a miracle. As he was in this condition for some time, I wished to assure myself of the nature of so equivocal a being, and taking a flight, I approached him, and rested upon his breast, but his heart moved no more than his eyes; I began to think the unfortunate fellow had fallen into a lethargy, when on touching him, I happily found, he had as much animal heat as could be desired.

A short, fat figure succeeded him, and I joined my applauses to those of the public, at her arrival, supposing she was no other than Punch's wife, the mirth inspiring heroine, of all European puppet-shows. But I was sadly disappointed, when I found that this actress intended to exhibit something more serious than burlesque, and that she had in common with madame Punchinello, nothing but her figure and her costume.

In the meantime a dreadful bustle took place in the boxes—contests ran very high, about tha right of place—whilst these disputes were going on, the box-keeper, animated with an ardent zeal for the rights of his prerogative, pronounced an harangue, rendered impressive by clenched fists and menacing gestures, which recalled to my imagination those red-capped-orators, who not very long ago made so much noise in Europe; however, every thing went on amidst the uproar, just like those displays of mechanism, where the figures go through their parts, as long as they are moved; the play proceeded with the double accompaniament, of the clamour of the spectators, and the noise of those who were passing to and fro, and who appeared to be thinking as little of what was going on, as the actors themselves, who bore a part in the representation.

But this is less the fault of the public, than that of the architect, or rather the mason, who constructed this theatre; for it is so ingeniously contrived, that the noise of the carriages without, and the blackguards who quarrel in the street, is just as distinctly heard, as if it were a necessary part of the entertainment.

We become tired at length of every thing, even of making a noise, and for some time, an almost total silence reigned; this permitted me to discover, as I flew about, some American ladies, who spoke a language I understood; I approached them, and found with pleasure, that I did not run the risk of being suffocated by the breath of their gallant beaux.

So long a time had elapsed since I had contemplated such charming objects, that at first I confess, I paid less attention to what I heard, than what I saw.

I began then to breathe and felt my imagination reviving in this ethereal atmosphere, when a dismal black curtain fell before our eyes: I supposed for a moment, that according to the genius of the English drama, a funeral or some phantasmagoric representation, was to be given for the amusement of the audience. Not at all, it was simply let down for the embellisment of the stage, and to furnish the spectators, with agreeable employment for the fancy, whilst the after-piece was preparing behind the scenes: Happily I was diverted from the gloomy images it was about to awaken in mine, by a singular noise I heard, arising on all sides, resembling that of a manufactory, or an immense conspiracy of rats, against the timber work of the building——but a single

look a moment after, informed me, that it was nothing but the teeth of the ladies and gentlemen, who were cracking with all might and expedition, nuts, almonds, walnuts, &c. &c. In Europe, this is the pastime of Sans Culottes, at puppet shows and mountebank exhibitions, but at 3000 miles distant, customs may be the same, while their consequences are very different.

I was about then to reproach myself, for having smiled at this little incident, when I heard the American ladies about whom I flew, laugh at the practice themselves.—Good, said I—if women ridicule this, it will soon cease, for are they not legislators, even despots, in regard to manners when they resolve to be so? And as long as in any nation whatever, men continue vulgar and absurd, gross, ignorant and tasteless, it is that women have not yet obtained sufficient influence, or that they have already lost it. Was not the beautiful Aspasia, the glory of Greece, as well as that of Pericles? Did not women create chivalry, and have they not made of honour a code as sacred, as that of the law of nature itself?

I was in the midst of these reflections, when a stranger who accompanied the ladies to whom I was near, turned suddenly round, with an expression of countenance, that indicated as much anger as surprize—I soon discovered the cause; while he was conversing with the ladies, a man suddenly seized him by the shoulder, to ask him if he would buy some oranges.

Hardly had he got over this attack, when he had another still more disagreeable to encounter, for a Colossus, six feet high, and thick in proportion, weighing at least two hundred weight, without ceremony, rested his monstrous body on the shoulders of the stranger, that he might look at the stage more at his ease. I saw the gentleman turn pale with anger, but the ladies made the best excuse they could, for the low-bred familiarity of their countryman, and the stranger, when he found this, joked and laughed at it himself.

I have already said that the American ladies (the Quakers excepted) wear of cloathing, only what cannot possibly be dispensed with; still I know, that it is not permitted to name before them, any thing that God has placed between the bosom and the feet; yet I saw, (who would have believed it) some of these scrupulous personages, seat themselves, between the acts, upon the balustrades of the boxes, and exhibit to the inquisitive eyes of the public and the young men, the most beautiful and undisguised forms.

In Europe were a lady to turn her back upon the audience, she would be inhumanly hissed, for more than one reason; here however it appears to be a thing of course, and for my part I am very much disposed to tolerate a practice that might inspire the goddess Callipigha herself with jealousy.

The orchestra, now played the overture to a piece, of I don't precisely know what nature; I recognised however immediately, the fine execution which characterises the German artists, and a charming violin played by the leader of the band completed my illusion, and made me think for a moment, I was still in the country of the arts.

But hardly had my fancy begun to recreate whilst they performed this symphony, when a hateful discordance of voices harsh, more false, and more inharmonious, the one than the other, tortured my ears—I wanted to stay, to hear one or two amateurs, whom I had heard much celebrated; but I was obliged to move off, so much did these wretched, sounds, jar and discompose my nerves.

The American ladies, (in a whisper I repeat it) are more than a century advanced in civilization than the men; and this is a circumstance, that strikes all travellers. I saw too with pleasure that those near whom I had passed a part of the evening, rose precipitately to escape hearing any more. I did so too, quitting them with regret; and leaving the theatre, re-echoing with music, most barbarously burlesqued, and ringing with applauses, that were still more barbarous.

M. A.

Mr. Easy,

I was never more astonished than when a few days since, I went at the request of an acquaintance, to view a collection of fossils, minerals, birds and insects which a French gentleman was preparing for public exhibition.—From the information of my friend, I was led to expect a small collection, calculated rather to shew the progress which a proper employment of leisure time might accomplish, than as forming in itself an object of interest or gratification—but to my utter astonishment, I found the department of ornithology had been enriched from almost every clime of the world, and could boast of a greater variety of rare, uncommon and beautiful species of birds than I had ever seen. Mr. Peal's museum, which has deservedly obtained for him great credit, and I hope also wealth, is according to my recollection, inferior to this in the number of beautiful and uncommon species of birds, whilst no person seems to have heard a word about it. This ingenious young gentleman has been indefatigably engaged in preparing a cabinet of nature, which will astonish every one by the beauty and extent of the collec-

ion. It is not simply a small point from which a valuable museum may be formed, but is already in the department of ornithology a very extensive and beautiful collection. The number of species which are already collected amount to about 480 or 500, and the number of birds to about 1400—and of this number, three-fourths, perhaps four-fifths, are birds of the rarest and most beautiful kind from foreign countries, and which are totally unknown here. That the liberality and good taste of the inhabitants of Baltimore will afford a generous patronage to so useful an undertaking, I cannot for a moment doubt. If properly encouraged, the museum will be permanently established here, and from the skill, spirit and enterprize of the proprietor, there is no question but that it will soon rival any thing of the kind in this country.—To patronize such an undertaking will reflect credit on our city—to suffer it to fail by chilling neglect or insensi- stupidity and avarice, will be disgraceful.

This beautiful collection will be ready for public exhi- on on Monday next the 16th instant—and I sincerely t that this ingenious and enterprising young foreign- will have ample reason to rejoice in the compliment he rs our city in giving it so fair an opportunity of creat- so splendid and useful a monument of its taste and li- ality.

I regret, Mr. Easy, that I have not time to enter into e detail respecting the variety and beauty of those birds ch he has collected—The richness, variety, and beau- their plumage is indeed beyond description and I no person whose cirsumstances will permit it, will themselves the pleasure of seeing it and judging for selves. W.

FROM LORD BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.

ilip, Alexander's father, gave sentence against a pri-, at a time when he was drowsy, and seemed to give attention. The prisoner, after sentence was pronounced *l appeal.* The King somewhat moved, said, to do you appeal, the prisoner answered ; from *Philip* he gave no ear, to *Philip*, when he shall give ear.

istippus was an earnest suitor for some grant to *Di-s*, who giving no ear to his suit, *Aristippus* fell at t, and then *Dionysius* granted it. One who stood d afterwards to *Aristippus*, You a philosopher, and e as to throw yourself at a tyrant's feet to obtain a ! *Aristippus* answered ; the fault is not mine but *sius's*, that carries his ears in his feet.

Nicholas Bacon being appointed a judge for the n circuit, and coming to pass sentence on the malefactors, one of them mightily importuned him to save his life ; but when nothing he said could avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. Prithee, said my lord how came that in ? why, if it please you my lord, your name is *Bacon*, and mine is *Hog* ; and in all ages *Hog* and *Bacon* have been a-kin. Nay, but replied the judge ; you and I cannot be kindred, unless you be hanged ; for a *Hog* is not *Bacon* until it be hanged.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to present to our readers this week, a Companion composed entirely of original matter ; two little pieces of poetry and the apophthegms excepted.

We offer our warmest acknowledgments to A. for his invaluable communications. We regret infinitely that at the time we received them, the miscellany was already made up—but in his piece on music we have for next week a charming paper, which every one who has taste, fancy, or judgment, must read with delight.

The poetic department is very scantily supplied—we have received it is true, some effusions from a votary of the nine, who appears to have journeyed to Parnassus, on a very hard trotting pegassus—on Saturday we propose to give a few specimens of the flowers he has brought us from the hill of the muses.

We have been guilty of an unpardonable neglect, in not offering before, our apologies to the friend who furnished us with the little critique on French poetry, for the manner in which the verses were printed : we propose giving them a more correct publication very soon. We would at the same time request of those who favour us with any manuscript, more especially when in a foreign language, to make their writing legible.

SERENA will appear in the next.

The strictures given us by a friend on the Honey-Moon shall meet with due attention.

We are much obliged to our correspondent at Wethersfield for the high honour he has done us, by communicating his very sapient observations on our paper. At the same time we would beg leave to remark, that were we to attempt governing ourselves by the opinions of all who offer to guide us we should completely realize the fable of the old man and his ass—That the Companion should ever "distribute the weeds of ignorance and weakness" should indeed be regretted, whilst its pages might be so much better employed, in offering correction to vulgarity and impertinence.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The genial ray of spring returns,
And April's tender blooms appear;
The joyful heart with rapture burns,
And welcomes in the smiling year.

The sullen gloom of winter past,
And all his train of horrors fled;
Come! let us to the forest haste,
Or on the turf's soft verdure tread.

Haste, let us join yon woodland throng!
And taste of pleasure while we may;
Wander the rural scenes among
And by the pebly streamlet stray.

For there behold the violet blows;
The yellow wall-flower rears its head;
To greet the sense, the blushing rose
Is seen to grace the rural bed.

What bursts of joy along the grove!
All nature joins in choral song;
All nature grateful warms with love,
And pours the various strain along.

Alas! soft tones of grief I hear!
The train so late with pleasure gay,
In solemn sadness drop the tear,
And pensive take their gloomy way.

For one they mourn, who lately known
In health's full pride, her friends delight:
Beheld the spring's young flowrets blown
And ere they faded sunk in night.

The blast of death is on the plain,
The aged oak defies its power,
The blast of death blows not in vain,
And prostrate lies the tender flower.

Behold in yon sequestr'd vale,
There rests a nymph by all ador'd;
Her name is wafted on the gale;
Her various worth by all deplor'd. JAQUES.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO A LADY,

With some manuscript poems, on leaving the country.

When, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here,
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear:

Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I've trac'd for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
And steal a moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those,
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling tear my song behold.

For trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And they will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if perhaps some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him,...or oh! if gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest;
Ah! where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast?

Tell her, that he, whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;

That glory oft would claim the lay,
And friendship oft his numbers move;
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,
"His sweetest song was given to love!"

TO A LADY—ON HER SINGING.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal,
When listening to the spheres above!

When tired of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh! Emma, I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death!

And, if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which ah! forgive a heart that's weak,
So oft has stol'n my mind away;

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss;
I'll gaze and die;...who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this?

BOOK, JOB, AND MUSIC PRINTING,
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS,
BY COLE & HEWES 4 N. CHARLES-STR